

CRACKAJACK¹

bunnies

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

10¢

DECEMBER
No. 42

The
owl



DON
WINSLOW
CYCLONE
and MIDGE

ELLERY QUEEN
FLYING FORTRESS
BOB and BILL
THE CRUSOES

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



THE TOBOGGANING TODAY WILL SLEIGH YOU, LOVEY - HOW ABOUT TAKING A FLING AT IT?

SMOKEY STOVER

PASTED DOWN BY THE **CHILL & YOUNG COAST GUARDS**

PLING IS
RIGHT - I'D
FALL OFF AND
BREAK MY
CONTRACT!

I'LL GIVE YOU 50
BUCKS IF YOU FALL
OFF MY SLED
GOING DOWN!

I'LL
TAKE
YOU UP
ON THAT
GIRLIE!

I FOOL
DEAR AND BROTHERS

FOOL
FOR
THE
JOB

WILL A FOOL
BE REVENGE
THREE TIMES?

FOOL
FOR
THE
JOB

FOOL
FOR
THE
JOB

HERE'S WHERE
I LAY DOWN ON
THE JOB AND
EARN 50
BUCKS!

SEE - WHAT DID I
TELL YOU - YOU
DIDN'T FALL OFF
ONCE!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
DARN IT - I LOSE
HERE'S YOUR
MONEY!

FOOL
FOR
THE
JOB

TOBOGGAN
BACHELOR

FOOL
FOR
THE
JOB

FOOL
FOR
THE
JOB

YIPPEE! - THIS IS ONCE
I STUCK THE CHIEF - THAT
GLUE I SMEARED ON
MY SLED WAS
TOO FAST
FOR HIM!

YIPPEE! - THIS IS ONCE
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CRACKAJACK FUNNIES, Vol. 1, No. 42, Dec., 1941. Published monthly and copyright 1941 by K. K. Publications, Inc., at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 12533, and in the U. S. and all its possessions, \$1.25 per year. Elsewhere, \$2.00 per year. No Canadian subscriptions accepted. Single copies, 10 cents. Entered as second-class matter, May 6, 1938, at the Post Office, at Poughkeepsie, New York under the act of March 3, 1879. Printed in U. S. A.

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THE OWL

by
Frank
Thomas

GOOD-BYE MR. WARDEN—
I SURE HATE TO LEAVE
YOU — WITHOUT PUNCHING
YOUR FACE!!

WARDEN! — PRISONER ESCAPED!!
— TUFFY HULKS JUMPED THE
WALL — AND MADE IT!!

ON A LONELY ROAD A HALF-MILE FROM THE
PRISON, A LIMOUSINE WAITS IN DARKNESS!

IT'S TEN-THIRTY — TUFFY SHOULD
BE SHOWIN' UP — IF HE
MADE IT!

HERE HE COMES!

YEP! — IT'S
TUFFY!

HIYA, TUFFY!

(PUFF) — WHATTA
YOU THINK, YOU
DOPES! — YOU
GUYS GOT SOME
CLOTHES FER
ME?? — Y'BETTER
HAVE! — LETS
GET MOVIN'!
(PUFF)



THE OWL

WHERE TO? WELL GO TUFFY?? INTO THE CITY FIRST! - I GOT A FEW OLD SCORES TO SETTLE!



AT THE OFFICE OF BELLE WRYNE, ACE REPORTER ON THE MORNING EAGLE!

HELLO - NICK? - NICK TERRY? - LISTEN, WE JUST GOT A FLASH OVER THE ASSOCIATED NEWS WIRE - TUFFY HULKS JUMPED THE PEN - YEH - ABOUT AN HOUR AGO!



TUFFY HULKS? - SORRY TO HEAR IT - HE'S A BAD EGG, BELLE!! - THE CHIEF BETTER WATCH HIS STEP - TUFFY SURE HATES HIM! - IF YOU REMEMBER, I WAS SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR ON THE CASE, BUT THE CHIEF WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN GETTING TUFFY CONVICTED ON THE COUNTERFEITING CHARGE!



ON A SHADY SUB-URBAN STREET -

CALLING YUP - ABOUT IT A DAY, TIME, ISN'T CHIEF? IT? - I'M GONNA LOOK OVER THE NEWSPAPER AN' THEN TURN IN. - G'NIGHT, JOE!



A LIMOUSINE SWEEPS AROUND THE CORNER -



THE OWL

SEND AN AMBULANCE—
-QUICK! — THIRTY-NINTH
AND ELM STREETS—THE
CHIEF OF POLICE HAS
BEEN ASSAULTED
ON THE STREET!



AT CITY
HOSPITAL—
GET ROOM 309 READY FOR
THE CHIEF OF POLICE —
-EMERGENCY JUST PHONED
ME—HE'S IN BAD SHAPE!



NOTIFY SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR NICK TERRY
AND MISS BELLE WAYNE OF THE MORNING
EAGLE — THEY ARE CONSIDERED THE CHIEF'S
CLOSEST FRIENDS — HERE IS A LIST
OF
THE
REL-
ATIVES!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

NURSE! — WHERE
IS HE?

SH-HH! — TALK
QUIETLY, MR. TERRY
— YOU WILL HAVE
TO WAIT A FEW
MINUTES!



GEE — HIS CHANCES SEEM
PRETTY — SLIM — D-DON'T
THEY — NICK?

THE OWL



THE OWL

I HOPE THE COPS GET HIM AGAIN!
-WE WUZ DOIN' ALL RIGHT WITH-OUT TUFFY!

-AN' DID YOU HEAR WOT HE SAID? - HE SAID WE'D HAFTA QUIT PRINTIN' THE PHONEY MONEY HERE, AN' GO BACK TO HIS OLD MAN'S PLACE IN THE COUNTRY - NUTS!



THE OWL



THE OWL

SOTO - GET ME BELLE WAYNE ON THE PHONE!

YEE - YOU SCARE ME! - MIST' TERRY COME ALL SUDDEN OUT OF NOWHERE!

NICK! - I'M SO GLAD TO HEAR YOU - I WAS WORRIED - YES, I JUST CALLED THE HOSPITAL - THE CHIEF IS RALLYING SLIGHTLY, BUT IS STILL UNCONSCIOUS -

UH-HUH - LISTEN, BELLE, I THINK I'VE LOCATED TUFFY - I'LL PICK YOU UP IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES - OKAY? - NO, DON'T WEAR YOUR COSTUME -



LATER - NOW TELL ME, NICK - I KNOW WE'RE GOING AFTER TUFFY - QUITE A TRIP - OVER IN THE MOUNTAINS - NEAR POTTSVILLE - TUFFY IS HIDING OUT BUT WHERE? - BUT WHERE? - QUITE A TRIP - OVER IN THE MOUNTAINS - NEAR POTTSVILLE - TUFFY IS HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE IN THAT VICINITY!



NICK'S SPEEDY CONVERTIBLE EATS UP THE MILES AND SOON CARRIES THEM INTO THE PENNSYLVANIA FOOTHILLS —

I SMELL A STORM COMING UP!

HOPE NOT!

OOH! - LOOK AT THAT! - I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, NICK!

CRACK



BUTTON UP YOUR COAT - WE'VE NO TIME TO STOP AND PUT UP THE TOP NOW!



THIS IS POTTSVILLE - HERE'S A DIRT ROAD LEADING TOWARD THE MOUNTAINS - WELL HOPE IT'S THE RIGHT ONE!



THE OWL



THE OWL



THE OWL

OH 'YES, THE CHIEF ALSO ASKED ME TO TELL YOU THAT HIS ATTACKER WAS TUFFY HULKS, THE ESCAPED CONVICT!

YES, I KNOW - TELL THE CHIEF THAT TUFFY WILL BE WELL TAKEN CARE OF!

I MUST RUN ALONG TO THE OFFICE - I'LL BE AT THE PENTHOUSE AT MIDNIGHT, NICK -

OKAY - SEE YOU THEN!



MIDNIGHT! - THE HOUR THAT FINDS THE Owl POISED FOR FLIGHT!



IT MAY BE MY FRIENDS OF LAST NIGHT!

EASY, MY SON!

THE OWL

HSS-ST! - GOOD EVENING, SETH - WE HAVE
COME TO FREE YOU - DON'T GIVE US
AWAY - BELLE, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO -



I COULDN'T FIND THE 'PLANE
- MUST BE THEY DIDN'T
LAND AFTER ALL -
WHAT'S THAT?!



YOU'RE UP AGAINST SOME COMPETITION
THIS TIME - FIGHT AS YOU NEVER FOUGHT
BEFORE, TUFFY!



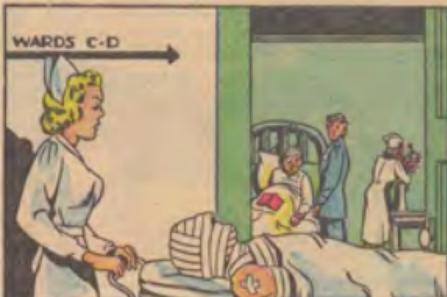
THE OWL



HERE ARE TUFFY'S KEYS - UNLOCK THE OLD MAN'S CHAINS, BELLE - HE'S GOING BACK WITH US AND RECEIVE THE CARE THAT WILL MEND HIS BROKEN MIND!



AS THE MORNING SUN STREAMS THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF CITY HOSPITAL —



WELL TAN MY
FOO!! IF IT AINT
JACK PETER WHERE
DO YOU COME FROM
LONEST?

MONKEY CHEF
JUST DROVE
IN FROM
WEST
FLUKE!

SMOKEY STOVER

BRING TUNCS IN THE *SMOKEY STOVER* MASTERSHIP

GOLLY - WHAT
A JOB I'VE SPENT
TWO HOURS ON IT
ALREADY!!



CYCLONE



NO McCARTHY--I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHARITY JOB--
OR CROWDING YOUR FOREMAN OUT OF HIS /

CYCLONE AND I CAN PADDLE
OUR OWN CANOE WITHOUT
ANY FEMININE
ASSISTANCE!

OH CYCLONE--
MIDGE! YOU'RE
JUST BEING
CRUEL TO
ME!

CYCLONE TURNS DOWN THE FOREMAN'S
JOB OFFERED HIM BY SANDY'S UNCLE
IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN CHACO.

MAYBE I'M STUBBORN--BUT I AM
TO PICK MY OWN JOBS. MIDGE AND
I ARE LEAVING THE RANCHO DEL
RIO RIGHT
NOW!

IN OTHER WORDS FAREWELL,
HASTA LUEGO, BUT PROBABLY
NOT AU REVOIR! AS THE
POET SAYS...

COME ON, MIDGE! WE'RE RIDING!



IT'S ALL MY F-FAULT!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED
TO FOOL CYCLONE.
NOW I'LL N-NEVER
S-SEE HIM AGAIN.
OH-HOO-HOO-

DON'T TAKE IT SO
HARD, SANDY.
IT'S PARTLY MY
FAULT, TOO!

MIDGE! DO YOU SEE THAT RIDER?
THERE COMES TROUBLE ON THE
HOOF IF I'M
NOT MISTAKEN!



CYCLONE



CYCLONE

BUT MY GAUCHOS WILL BE VICTORIOUS IF YOU WILL LEAD THEM! YOU PROMISE THAT--AND RAMON WILL DIE IN PEACE?



RAMON HAS GONE, CYCLONE! WILL YOU TAKE HIS JOB NOW?



I'LL BE PROUD TO--AFTER I WIPE OUT THE RATS WHO KILLED HIM... I'LL NEED ABOUT TEN STICKS OF DYNAMITE AND EVERY FIGHTING GAUCHO ON THE RANCH!

HERE'S THE DYNAMITE MIDGE! PUT IT IN THE SADDLE BAG AND SIT ON IT!

OKAY--BUT I DON'T LIKE IT! I HEARD OF A HEN THAT HATCHED A BUNCH OF HAND GRENADES!



VAMONOS GAUCHOS!

LET'S RIDE!

VAMONOS!

VIVA EL CYCLONE!

VIVA!

VIVA!



TWENTY ARMED GAUCHOS RALLY AT CYCLONE'S CALL.

HERE'S THE TRAIL OF THE STOLEN HERD--HEADING FOR THE CANYON!



IS THAT THE SHORT CUT TO CASA DE LOS VIENTOS?

SI--BY THE WHITE ROCK IS A NARROW TRAIL--YO GO THAT WAY!



WE'LL HEAD OFF THE RUSTLERS BY THE SHORT CUT--YOU BOYS FOLLOW THE MAIN CANYON TRAIL!

SI, SEÑOR CYCLONE!



CYCLONE



HALF AN HOUR'S GALLOP BRINGS CYCLONE AND MIDGE TO THE SPOT WHERE THE THREE CANYONS MEET.



CYCLONE

HELL BLOWING WITH FRIGHT, THE CATTLE CROWD BACK -- MORE DYNAMITE EXPLODES



AY DE MI! WE CANNOT DRIVE THEM AGAINST DYNAMITE!



CUIDADO! THEY ARE GOING TO STAMPEDE!

IN VAIN THE RUSTLERS TRY TO DRIVE THE STEERS.

GATHERING SPEED THE STAMPEDE ROLLS BACK UP THE CANYON.

RIDE! WE ARE BETRAYED!



HA! YOU HEAR THAT, SANDY? YOUR FRIEND CYCLONE IS HAVING A LOT OF FUN WITH HIS DYNAMITE STICKS!

HE MUST BE CHASING THE HERD BACK--WE'VE MISSED THE FUN!

THOSE MURDEROUS RUSTLERS WILL BE CAUGHT BETWEEN THE STAMPEDE AND MY OWN GAUCHOS!

RAMON'S FRIENDS WILL WIPE THEM OUT--THANKS TO CYCLONE'S TRICK!



BORANIAN REBELS! RIDE, SANDY!

OH, YOU BIG APE! LET GO OF ME!



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



CYCLONE



ONE MAN Invasion



"Better get up, lad. There's been some excitement during the night."

At the sound of his father's voice, young Harry Lister rolled out of bed, rubbing his eyes.

"Excitement?" he exclaimed, his eyes lighting up. "You mean the bombers have been over?"

"No, not exactly bombers, my boy," explained his dad, "but I guess the Jerrys did pay us a visit all right. The boys found a parachute in our south pasture this morning."

"A parachute—I say!" cried Harry, now fully awake and pulling on his clothes. "That must mean—"

"Yes, lad," his father went on, "one of 'ems about the countryside somewhere. No wrecked plane about, so he may have been dropped for a purpose. The police and the home defense corps are scouring the whole area. They'll turn him up before long, I dare say."

Harry had soon joined the interested crowd which had gathered on his father's small farm. Several men in uniform guarded the spot where the parachute had been found.

"Must have landed in the beet field, yonder," one of them was saying, "judging by the marks. He dropped his 'chute on 't'other side of the fence where it wouldn't be spotted so easily."

Harry wished he could join in the search for the intruder. It pained him that he was too young

to join the fighting forces. His two older brothers were already in service but Harry was only fourteen and they had told him that he was badly needed on the farm. This morning, he had to cycle to town to get a machine part for his father. At least, he would be able to tell the town folk of the strange happening of the night before.

As Harry pedalled through the quiet country lane on his way to the village, he suddenly perceived ahead of him another bicycle. The rider, a man in working clothes, had dismounted and was looking at the wheel with a look of disgust. As Harry approached, the man scowled for a moment and then stepping forward, smiled brightly.

"Good morning, my boy," he grinned. "I've had a bit of bad luck, I'm afraid. Flat tire, old fellow. I wonder if you could give me a hand."

Harry stopped and looked at the man curiously. He was a stranger in that part of the country, a typical English workman in dress and appearance.

"I'm on my way to the airplane factory nearby," explained the man seeing Harry's questioning look. "Called to work there, you know, and I've pedalled all the way from Gilbey this morning. Perhaps you can show me where the factory is located?"

Harry slowly dismounted from his bicycle. "First, we'll have to fix your tire," he said, presently. "I'll help you do that."

"Oh, that's a good lad," smiled the man. "We'll get this tire off first. Wish I had the right tools to do the job."

Harry had noticed the large tool box which the man was apparently carrying and which had been set down in the grass some distance from the bicycle. Then, he glanced at the small leather tool kit attached to the seat of the bike.

"Don't you have some tools and repair kit in there?" he said to the man, pointing to the bike.

"Oh—er—in there?" said the man, momentarily flustered. "Why, to be sure, my lad, that's right. Don't know what's the matter with me this morning. A bit excited about the new job, I guess. Going to be late and all that."

As he spoke, he started to fumble with the small tool kit on the bicycle. Meanwhile, Harry edged toward the larger box which lay on the ground nearby. As he bent over to open the lid, the man whirled around suddenly.

"No!" he exclaimed. "Don't touch that box, son. Those are just my regular tools—needed for the job, you know. There's nothing in there that—"

But Harry had paid no heed to the man's words. Quickly he had lifted the cover and in a moment, his hand came out clutching a revolver.



"Just stick 'em up, mister!" he said firmly. "This is a mighty funny looking tool kit. And I think there's something funny about you!"

The man's face hardened now, his mouth drawn into a thin line and his narrowed eyes suddenly flashed with fire.

"Ja! The young man is very smart, yes?" he began slowly. "But I also have here a gun and I shoot very—"

Harry saw the man's hand suddenly flash to a holster inside his coat. Then, a shot quickly rang out to shatter the strange silence. The man before him stood as if frozen for an instant and then, with a grimace of pain on his face, he fell suddenly forward.

Harry looked in amazement at the gun in his hand. He had been too startled to fire when the man reached for his own gun and now he wondered whether the heavy revolver he held in his trembling fingers had blazed away of its own accord.

The next moment, however, his fears were put at rest. From the other side of the road, three uniformed men emerged from a thicket and leaped the hedge.

"Nice work, young lad," said one of them, a sergeant. "Tod Lister's boy, isn't it? Looks as if you've cornered a prize, sure enough. But it's a good thing I took a shot at this fellow when I did. Better shoot first and ask questions, later, I thought to myself."

While the sergeant bent over to determine the extent of the man's injury, one of the other men hastily ran through the contents of the large tool kit.

"I say!" he exclaimed. "This is a haul! Time fuses, grenades, wire cutters. Everything the well-equipped saboteur should carry these days."

"He's the parachutist!" exclaimed Harry. "I'm sure of it. He wanted me to show him the way to the plane factory."

"Well, he'll get a chance to answer some questions," interrupted the sergeant, straightening up. "Not bad hurt—just grazed his temple. How did you become suspicious of him, lad?"

"Well," explained Harry. "In the first place he was a stranger—in the second place, there was mud on his knees and boots that looked just like the mud from our beet field—in the third place, he said he'd come all the way from Gilbey this morning and Gilbey is on the other side of the factory, so he wouldn't be coming from this direction. And lastly—"

"And lastly?" echoed the sergeant.

"And lastly," grinned Harry. "That bicycle belongs to my brother Tom. He must have stolen it from our barn!"



THE CRUSOES



Nearly a month after their Halloween adventure, the Crusoes are sitting down to breakfast...



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



THE CRUSOES



INSTINCTIVELY MARY
SENSES HER HUSBAND'S
TERRIBLE WEAKNESS.



THE CRUSOES



ANDY SKIDS AS JOHN'S WEIGHT HITS THE END OF THE ROPE.



GRAB DAT ROPE QUICK... OR WE'LL BOFE BE GONE!



PULL, ANDY?

MOMMY... WHAT MAKES DADDY LOOK SO QUEER?

THE CRUSOES



Don Winslowe's OF THE NAVY

By
FRANK V. MARTINEK

SINCE A MYSTERIOUS
EXPLOSION ABOARD THE
BATTLESHIP MICHIGAN
THE TWO PALS, LEATHER
AND FEATHER HAVE
BEEN PINING AWAY IN
THE SHIP'S BRIG

YUH
DUMB APE-
YER ALWAYS
GETTIN' ME
IN TROUBLE

AW,
SHUT UP,
FEATHER

IT WAS YOUR LOCKER
THAT BLOWED UP! YUH MUST VE
HID SUMPN IN THERE THAT
YER SCARED TO TELL!

TAKE THAT BACK,
YUH LITTLE WEASEL
OR I'LL -

AW, HECK! LISSEN
T'HE BOSN'S PIPE ..
'NOTHER, LIBERTY PARTY
HEADIN' FOR SHORE
AN' WE CAN'T GO!

THAT'S YOUR
FAULT, YUH BIG
FISH-HEAD!

AND MEANWHILE - SPEEDING
DOWN THE ATLANTIC COAST -

GEE WHIZ,
SKIPPER -
ALWAYS SOME
INTERRUPTION!
WE WERE JUST
GETTING STARTED
ON THE LAWSON
LUGG CASE -

DON WINSLOW



EN ROUTE BY NAVY BOMBER TO THE SCENE OF A MYSTERIOUS EXPLOSION ABOARD THE BATTLESHIP MICHIGAN, WINSLOW SUDDENLY ORDERS A SURPRISE LANDING.



DON WINSLOW



DON WINSLOW



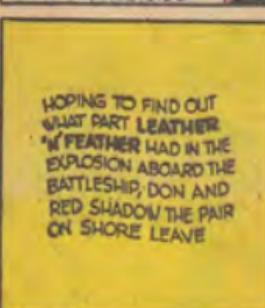
RELEASED FROM THE BATTLESHIP'S BRIG THE TWO SABOTAGE SUSPECTS, LEATHER N' FEATHER, ARE GETTING SET FOR SHORE LEAVE, AS FREE AS AIR--SO THEY THINK



FROM ALL APPEARANCES DON WINSLOW IS IN FOR A WASTED EVENING--OR IS HE?

?

DON WINSLOW



CONTINUED

BOB & BILL

The Scout Twins

BOB AND BILL, WHEN EXPLORING A GREAT CAVE,
WERE CAUGHT IN AN UNDERGROUND LANDSLIDE
AND CARRIED TO A STRANGE WORLD OF GIANTS
AND VERY TINY PEOPLE.

DRAWN BY ROBERT BRICE



BOB AND BILL



THE SAILING MASTER SAYS THE GALLEY IS READY TO BE LAUNCHED.



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



BOB AND BILL



TO BE CONTINUED

STRATOSPHERE JIM

AND HIS FLYING FORTRESS

IN THE SECRET HANGAR IN THE ROCKIES, JIM AND HARRY ARE TESTING A NEW LOCATION DEVICE ON JIM'S TELEVISION SIGHTS!!

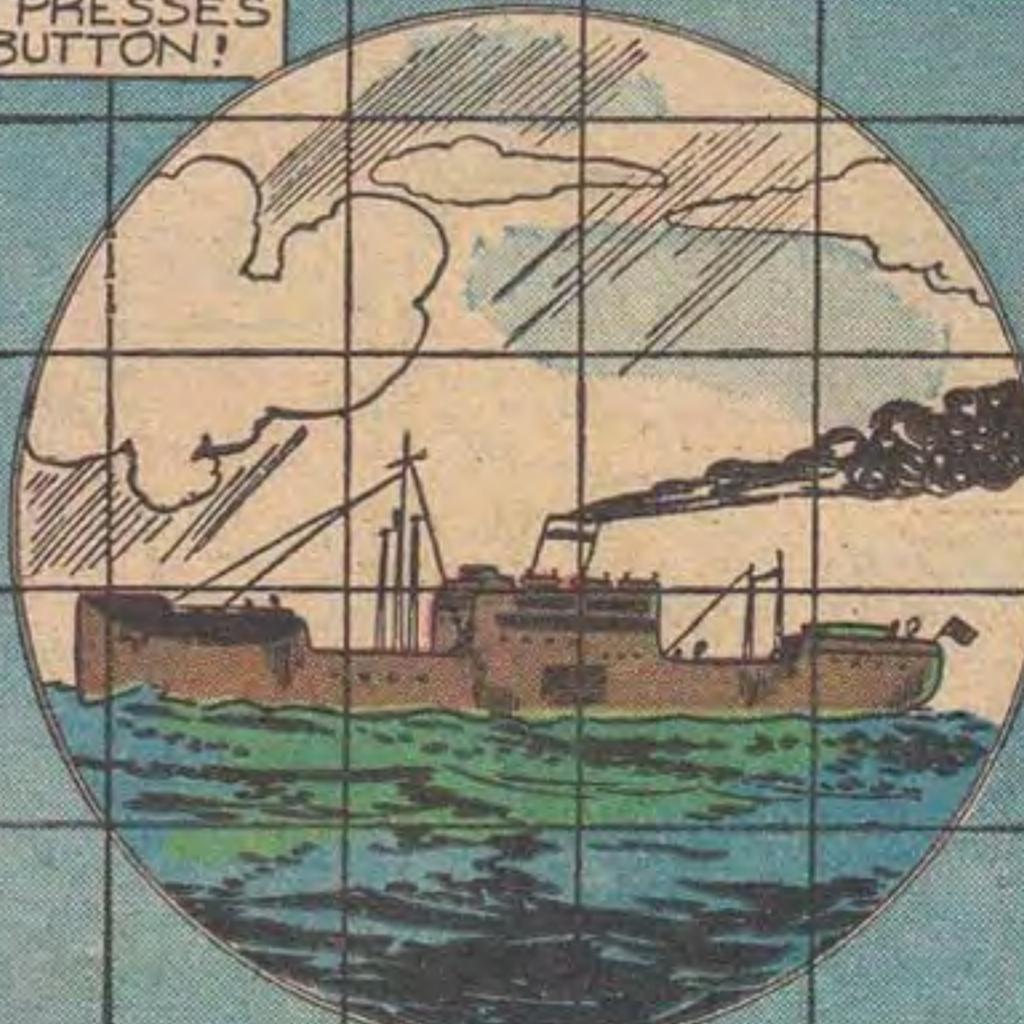
IT'S JUST A REVOLVING GLOBE, WITH A LIGHT INSIDE. WHEN THE SIGHTS PICK UP AN OBJECT, THE GLOBE SPINS TO THE LOCATION OF THE OBJECT!

--AND THE SPOT ON THE MAP IS PROJECTED THRU THE MOVIE PROJECTOR AND ONTO A SCREEN ALONGSIDE THE TELEVISION SCREEN!

SOUNDS GOOD, BOSS! HOPE IT WORKS AS WELL AS IT SOUNDS!

OH, IT'LL WORK! JUST WATCH THIS!

JIM PRESSES A BUTTON!



FLYING FORTRESS



FLYING FORTRESS

THE FLYING FORTRESS
TAKES TO THE AIR....

...AND SOARS ACROSS THE
ROCKIES AT A TERRIFIC
CLIP!

I'M GONNA KEEP THESE
SIGHTS ON THAT FISHING
BOAT--YOU HAVE THE
LOCATION OF THE
SINKING SHIP!

GOOD IDEA--
HARRY!



SOME TIME LATER



FLYING FORTRESS

AS THE RESCUE WORK NEARS COMPLETION, NIGHT FALLS SWIFTLY OVER THE PACIFIC...



YOU FORGET-ULTRA-GAMMA RAYS MAKE THE TELEVISION SIGHTS WORK AT NIGHT, TOO!



JIM OVERTAKES THE SMALL, DEADLY RAIDER AGAIN, DISGUISED AS A FISHING BOAT.

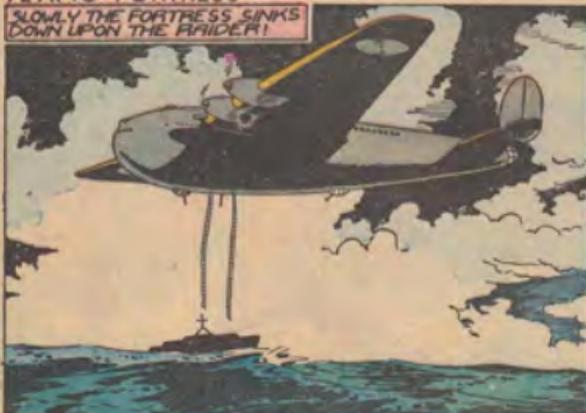


RADIO 'EM TO STAND BY TO BE TAKEN ABOARD ORI. WE'LL BLOWN 'EM TO BITS!



FLYING FORTRESS

SLOWLY THE FORTRESS SINKS
DOWN UPON THE RAIDER!



WORK SWIFTLY-BUT
WATCH OUT
FOR TROUBLE!

RIGHT! JIM...



ACH! MEIN GOTT!
SUCH A GIANT
THIS PLANE IS!!

UNEXPECTED-UNMARKED
PLANE'S SWOOP DOWN
ON THE FORTRESS!!...



SUDDENLY, JIM'S BULLET-PROOF WIND-
SHIELD IS SPLATTERED BY LEAD!

LOOK'S LIKE THAT HELP
THEY CALLED FOR HAS
COME! O.K. IF THEY WANT
A FIGHT-THE'LL GET IT!



THROW ON THE
HELICOPTER
PROPELLORS!



FLYING FORTRESS

THE GIANT FORTRESS SOARS STRAIGHT INTO THE SKY!



THE ATTACK ALARM SOUNDS THROUGHOUT THE SHIP - AND IN NO TIME - EVERY MAN IS AT HIS POST!

80 YARDS, BILL - OPEN FIRE!



PART OF THE SQUADRON TEARS IN ON THE FORTRESS'S TRAIL!



THE REAR MULTIPLE 50 CALIBRE GUNS HEAP A TERRIBLE HARVEST!



YOW! THOSE REAR GUNNERS ARE RIGHT ON THE BUTTON -!



CONNECT THE AUTOMATIC GUNSCOPE TO THE TELEVISION RANGE FINDER. LET'S SEE HOW FAST WE CAN KNOCK THESE VULTURES OUT OF THE SKY!!



THE DEADLY GUNSCOPE IS CONNECTED - THE GUNNERS WAIT TENSELY!!

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME WE'VE TRIED IT AT NIGHT - LET'S HOPE IT WORKS!



FLYING FORTRESS

A LONE PLANE DIVES FOR THE PILOT CHAMBER



...AND IS CAUGHT IN THE TELEVISION GUNSIGHT!!



ALL FORWARD GUNS ON THE SHIP ARE AUTOMATICALLY AIMED, AND....



I GUESS THE GADGET WORKS OKAY, HARRY!



IF THOSE DEVILS GET ABOVE US, THEY'LL TRY TO BOMB US—WE'D BETTER FINISH THIS SCRAP-BUT FAST!



THE FORTRESS'S DEADLY GUNS BEGIN TO SWEEP THE SKIES...



FLYING FORTRESS

SEE THAT PLANE WITH
THE TWO RED LIGHTS? IT
MUST BE THE LEADER!
LET'S NAIL HIM!

THE SQUADRON LEADER TRIES
DESPERATELY TO ESCAPE
THE RAIN OF LEAD...



BUT A LONG BURST SENDS
HIM CRASHING INTO THE
SEA IN FLAMES—"



JIM—IVE GOT
AN IDEA!

YEAH?
SPILL IT!



THOSE PLANES MUST
HAVE COME FROM AN
AIR CRAFT CARRIER—
IF WE'RE OUT IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE
PACIFIC!!



"AND YOU WANT TO
GO AFTER IT?
NO, HARRY!

WHY
NOT?



BECAUSE WE DON'T GO
PICKING FIGHTS—IF SOME-
BODY'S WILLING TO
START ONE, ALL RIGHT!

AW! YOU TAKE ALL
THE FUN OUT
OF LIFE!



FORGET IT, PAL, Y'KNOW—
WE'VE STILL GOT TO
GET THAT CREW OFF
THE RAIDER—LET'S GO!

TO BE CONTINUED...



Read DICK TRACY



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Nicaragua Will Rogers airmail and Panama Commemoration stamp showing "Old Glory" in several designs, plus 100+ Triangles, including NORTH MONGOLIA DIAMOND (world's larg. est.), also Peru Fins "Peace" stamp, Slave Colony, genuine Far Eastern Republic, Thailand, Amiopodes, queer "Pupper" country, animals, birds, etc.—all with fine approvals. **BERMONT STAMP CO.** Dept. 200 Washington, D. C.

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Send for this **FREE** book containing money-making tips, cartooning charts, idea creating methods, list of cartoon buyers, and other useful information. Learn about the money-making opportunities in one of the most fascinating of all professions—CARTOONING. With this booklet we will include a cartooning book, a pencil, and our easy Course in Cartooning and explaining our new Marionette Method of Instruction. We will tell you how to get the Cartoonists' Exchange League and extra assistance. This amazing device actually helps cartoonists and originate humorous ideas. Send name at once and mention your REB.

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THINK OF IT! An assortment of over 1000 pieces of fireworks with **FREE** catalog. **FREE** with order. We have **FREE** with order. **ZEBRA** Bash crackers. World's loudest. **FREE** values with every order. **FREE** catalog.

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The New MAGIC STYLUS
ELECTRIC PENCIL FOR SUNNY WOOD ENGRAVING

GREATEST VALUE
FREE OFFERED
Electric Pencil with
5 different tips, 5 ft
flexible card and free
3 in. wood plaque—
all for \$1.00. Simple,
safe, durable, burns
no fumes, no smoke, no
heat, no noise, no smoke,
etc. Not a toy—a real high
grade outfit at this unheard of low price. **SEND**
\$1.00 TODAY or write for catalog F-12.
THAYER & CHANDLER, 910 W. Van Buren St., Chicago

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Big packet of 111 all different stamps cataloging over \$1.00. Worth more. Included are U. S. Can. Zone, Philippine Islands, etc. This big packet is yours only 3¢ to approval buyers. Write TODAY.

WINEHOLT STAMP CO.
Box 5, Woodbine, Pa.

\$5 U. S. STAMPS
Two Different Face
Value \$1.00, both for
FREE with approval applicants only.

Packet Hinges Included FREE
HIGHLAND STAR CO. 1616-D Sansom St., **U. S. A.** U. S. A.

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"Super Packet" of queer countries including scarce Manchukuo showing full length Dragon, also Mongolia, Far East, Soviet Russia, Siberia, China, Russian Empire, Great Britain, Japan, etc. for off places. These valuable stamps absolutely FREE with fine approvals. Send 3¢ for postage. **GOLEY STAMP CO.** 122 Elm St., Dept. 18, WOODBURY, N. Y.

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King of Africa, Asia, Birds & French
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Ecuador, Liberia (AeroScope), South Seas, Uganda,
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1937 **60 DIFF.** **3¢**
TATHAM STAMP CO. 111 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.



ELLERY QUEEN

ELLERY QUEEN, MASTER DETECTIVE, PRESENTS HERE A PICTORIAL ACCOUNT OF A Baffling Mystery Which Even His Highly Trained Detective Genius Almost Failed To Solve. Yet, The Solution Was So Simple, Once A Single Clue Was Fitted Into The Jumbled Pattern.

THIS IS THE "ADVENTURE OF THE SNOWMAN WHO BLEEDS": STEALING THROUGH THE WHITE LANES OF CENTRAL PARK ONE MORNING ELLERY AND HIS SECRETARY, NICKI PORTER, HUNT FOR INTERESTING SUBJECTS TO PHOTOGRAPH, BOTH BEING IN HAD, CAMERA FRIENDS—

TAKE A MOTION PICTURE OF THAT ELLERY—THOSE THREE OLD MEN HELPED THAT LITTLE BOY BUILD A SNOWMAN!

RIGHT, NICKI! THAT IS AN INTERESTING SUBJECT!



ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN

THE STRANGER SUDDENLY FLASHES A KNIFE!



MCVILLE GRIPS THE ARM OF HIS RIVAL, STRIVING TO WRENCH THE DEADLY KNIFE FROM THE HAND ---



ELLERY QUEEN

FINISHING THE TASK THE KILLER DROPS TO HANDS AND KNEES, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING IN THE SNOW--



BURST THE LOCKS! I CAN'T FIND IT-- OH, WELL, NOBODY WILL NOTICE IT ANYWAY!



THE KILLER SLINKS AWAY INTO THE NIGHT--



THE FOLLOWING MORNING ELLERY AND NICK WALK THROUGH THE PARK TO KEEP THEIR APPOINTMENT. COMING FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, THEY SEE JERRY AND THE LADY WHO WAS WITH HIM THE PREVIOUS DAY ----

HERE COMES THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LADY ELLERY. HURRY!

STOP PULLING FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE-- WHAT'S THE HURRY?



TAKE ANOTHER PICTURE NEAR TO ME SNOWMAN AGAIN, NICKIE -- WILL YOU?

RIGHT YOU ARE, WOOGIE!

WAIT FOR ME! I WANT TO BE IN ON THIS!



TALK TO EACH OTHER AND ACT NATURAL-- THERE--THAT'S IT!

THIS IS FUN! CAN I SEE THE PICTURES WHEN THEY'RE DEVELOPED?

CERTAINLY--WE'LL SCREEN THEM JUST FOR YOU!



AS ELLERY TAKES THE PICTURES HE SUDDENLY NOTICES A RED SPOT ON THE SNOWMAN'S CHEST--

WHAT'S THAT RED ON THE SNOWMAN'S CHEST?

WHAT? OH-- IT LOOKS LIKE BLOOD!



ELLERY QUEEN



ELLERY QUEEN



CLYDE BEATTY

BY JIM CHAMBERS

© 1951, by National Comics Corp., Inc.



HUNTING WILD ANIMALS IN THE UNEXPLORED JUNGLES OF THE AMAZON RIVER, CLYDE BEATTY AND HIS HELPERS TRAP A PAIR OF SPOTTED JAGUARS

CLYDE SENDS COCKNEY WELLES OUT TO THE RIVER TO MEET THE TRANSPORT PLANE...



THERE'S THE TRAIL TO THE RIVER FORKS, COCKNEY. WHEN YOU SEE CON CONNORS TELL HIM WE'VE TRAPPED TWO BEAUTIFUL BIG CATS!



I'LL TELL 'IM THAT IN MY OPINION WE'VE CAUGHT TWO MAN-KILLING DEVILS, MR. BEATTY!

HI SY! HI'VE LOST ME BLOOMIN' WY! THIS AYNT THE TRAIL WE CAME BY!



UNUSED TO THE JUNGLE, COCKNEY FOLLOWS A TRAIL MADE BY THE FIERCE WILD PECCARIES--THE JUNGLE PIGS

BLIME! A 'ERD OF WILD PIGS! HI'VE 'EARD THEY KILL ANYTHING IN THEIR PATH!



OW! VICTIOUS LITTLE BEGGARS AYNT THEY?



TOEVAL, YOU RUDDY LITTLE OG, HI' OPES MY NEXT BULLET DRILLS YER OTHER H'EAR!



CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY



CLYDE BEATTY

HEAD RIGHT FOR THE RIVER STEAMER, CON. THE INDIANS WILL BRING OUR CANOES TOMORROW.

BACK IN THE BAGGAGE COMPARTMENT THE MALE JAGUAR BITES THROUGH HIS GAG

His Jaws Free, the big cat works at his other bonds

SEEKING ESCAPE THE MALE JAGUAR RIPS A HOLE IN THE PLANE'S THIN FUEL TUBE ---

SOUNDS LIKE A JAGUAR LOOSE BACK THERE, CON. HOW NEAR ARE WE TO THE STEAMER?

OIN! WHAT'LL WE DO?

ABOUT THREE MINUTES FLIGHT -- SAY! THAT CAT IS TEARING THE SHIP TO PIECES!

SET THE PLANE DOWN AS NEAR TO THE STEAMER AS YOU CAN, CONNORS -- I'LL ATTEND TO THE JAGUAR!

BUT MR. BEATTY --

OH-OH! HE IS ON THE TEAR!

I'LL KILL YOU MR. BEATTY!

CLYDE BEATTY



- TO BE CONTINUED -

SMOKEY STOVER

MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM

GILL HOLMAN

AND THE ALARM CLOCK

IT IS
BETTER
TO FOO
THAN TO
RECEIVE

OH, CHIEFIE! -
I JUST FINISHED
TRIMMING THE TREE.
WE'RE ALL SET.
COME IN AND
TAKE A PEEK!

CHIMNEY
CHRISTMAS! -
AIN'T THAT
SUMPIN',
WOVEY?

WOW! -
THAT BEATS THE
OLD ST. NICK -
THERE'S SURE A
FORTUNE IN GIFT'S
IN THAT MESS!

IT WAS A DANDY IDEA
OF YOURS TO HAVE OUR
CHRISTMAS BLOWOUT AT
THE FIREHOUSE THIS
YEAR!

I WISH OUR
FAMILIES
WOULD HURRY.
I CAN'T WAIT
TO SEE WHAT
I GOT!

HERE THEY COME
NOW, SMOKEY -
QUICK! - LIGHT
THE CANDLES!

AH - NOW FOR
THE FINISHING
TOUCH!

BOOM

THE BATTLE OF
BUNKER FOO

GREAT GUNS!
HOW DID THAT
CANNON CRACKER
GET MIXED UP
WITH THOSE
CANDLES??

HAPPY
FOO
YEAR

GOODY

READY for CHRISTMAS

RED RYDER 1000-SHOT COWBOY CARBINE

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLEATORSEN, INC., N.Y.

MY BRAND
ON STOCK!

"Look for the real 'Red Ryder' Carbine. That's the one I'm proud to have my name all face branded on the stock!"
—RED RYDER

16-inch LEATHER SADDLE THONG!

You can bring in
any animal on
all like this
or last year's
Julie. That's
comes with
to Carbine Rifle
"not one extra cent. Please!"

WESTERN CARBINE RING!

"The real article,
buck! For rider
it range. Use a small
shot carbine. Then
you can load clear with ground
and also with water
to make your
bullets go straight
from my bands
a lot!"

SOME SIGHTS!

"I'm a blundering
cowboy, but I'm
white Dodge's Neal's Horse
Night for longrange—
brave it for short. Also
a small mouth for my
shot. Large mouth for
my shot. I'm a small
mouth for my shot. GOLD
—THAT'S THE SECRET
OF MY GOLDEN RYDER!"

GOLDEN- BANDED BARREL!

"I have a golden
pocket-sprung bands
around the muzzle of my gun
that's a real wild
I used to practice for
the West. You'll be
proud of 'em!"

LIGHTNING- LOADER INVENTION!

"I'll load the magazine
—just like I load shot in 20
seconds. And when I load
1000 shots without
reloading 'em!"

IT'S YOURS
for \$2.95

CARBINE STYLE PIRE!

"Grab this banks,
a carbine full length band
hold. It's a good
shot carbine.
hand and holds it!
Carbine steady on
a carbine!"

DAISY AIR RIFLES

CATALOG
"The New
1000-SHOT
Rifle"

RED RYDER CARBINE

Write for
FREE CATALOG

ATTENTION BOYS! The Daisy you want for Christmas is now ready for you on display at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store! See them. Tell Dad the name of the store where he can get your Daisy for Christmas! Also, write for beautiful, new, 16-page, pocket-size Daisy CATALOG picturing all Daisy Air Rifles from \$1.00 to \$4.50. Targeted Pistol, Telescope Sight, Accessories—and write for Red Ryder's Official SHOOTING MANUAL "SHOOTING STRAIGHT." They're both FREE on request. Meanwhile, if you have the money or can get it, buy your Daisy NOW! If no Daisy Dealer near you, send us the price of the Daisy you want—we'll send it to you post-paid! Duty added in Canada on all rifles.

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for 5 repeater. Take-down
model

\$4.50

500-Shot CARBINE — with
Pump Action. Adjustable
Sight. Includes Gun Case. Add
\$1.00 for Gun Case. Double Notch
Sight.

\$2.50

BUCK JONES SPECIAL — 40 shot O-bone model. Comes in
Sight. USE DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT

\$3.50

BIG JUMBO TURE
DAISY BULLS EYE SHOT
for shooting in Daisy, King Air Rifles
It's best. At your Dealer's

5¢

DAISY AIR RIFLES

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